

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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Doubtless to connect things serious with *Jocoseria* is almost as wayward a sport of the etymologic fancy as is the connection of Arius with *Unitarian*. Nevertheless we shall venture in this number of *UNITY* to enrich our department with the above-named heading by including in it some bits of wisdom from valued contributors, which it was difficult to classify elsewhere.

The Charity Organization Society are talking of establishing a Provident wood yard on the South side of this city, as the one on the North side is too far away from one-half our homes to furnish the "work test" so desirable whenever a man applies for bread at our back doors. One way of helping this matter is to send a postal card to the Charity Organization Society for your kindling-wood whenever your supply is nearly exhausted.

The *Brooklyn Eagle*, referring to the twentieth anniversary of Mr. Chadwick's settlement, which is described in our "Notes from the Field," says that the Second Unitarian church "has supplied a very real demand and occupies a valuable piece of religious ground in so diversified a community as that of Brooklyn. It is a home of untrammelled Christian thought, and that the pastor satisfies the flock and has the sympathy of many distinguished Unitarian preachers was clearly shown last evening."

The American Unitarian Association have rendered the cause another important service by bringing out an attractive cheap edition of the life of Dr. Gannett, by his son, W. C. Gannett. Now they have Channing, Dewey, Dr. Walker and Dr. Gannett in their Dollar

Library of Unitarian classics. These fathers are lonely without the companionship of Theodore Parker, whose works and life ought to be next published in the Dollar Series. We hope this work will not be delayed until it is too late to secure the careful editing by some large-hearted contemporary, like James Freeman Clarke. After Parker, then Martineau and Bel- lows, etc. We hope the Association will labor to give these volumes as much exterior uniformity as possible, that together they may form the Unitarian Dollar Library, that will be a necessary part of every thinking man's library—yes, working-man's, too.

The following note from Mr. Lowell has been received at this office, in acknowledgment of a copy of the "Outline Studies" prepared by Mrs. Beals and the St. Paul Unity Club:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
LONDON, Dec. 10, 1884.

DEAR SIR—The little book you were kind enough to send me both interested and astonished me. I had no notion that anybody would think what I have written worthy of so thorough and exact a study as this book bears witness to. The author of it is far more familiar with my works than I can pretend to be.

I could not help being pleased, because I have always tried to have a meaning which somebody might think worth finding out, and I was also saddened with the regret that I had not made it better worth the finding.

Faithfully yours,
J. R. LOWELL.

A correspondent writes us *à propos* of our recent note concerning a Society for Psychical Research, that one after the English pattern has been in process of organization for several weeks in Cambridge. It is to hold monthly meetings, and its membership includes some of the most scientific men connected with Harvard College. G. Stanley Hall is chairman of the committee in charge. Mr. Hall possesses eminent qualifications for the position, being in sympathy with the methods both of physical and psychological science, and conversant with the later results of each. We expect much good from such a leading, not the least of which will be the rescuing of whatsoever residuum of fact there may be in spiritualism and kindred phenomena from theological ostracism on the one hand, and sham and humbug on the other. The time has come when the questions involved must receive dignified consideration.

In connection with the admirable paper on Dr. Holmes' Life of Emerson, in this issue, our readers will be interested in the following clipping from an exchange, concerning the monument which the son of Mr. Emerson is anxious to place over his father's grave. Perhaps some of our Western readers may be

able to show the Doctor where nature has prepared the fitting symbol. It will be all the more worthy monument to that cosmopolitan soul if it come from some rugged ridge in the Lake Superior region or from a high cliff of the Rocky Mountains.

Dr. Edward W. Emerson, who has charge of his father's literary and other effects is seeking to obtain, as a fitting monument to be placed over the great philosopher's grave, a mass of hard, white quartz with large sea-green beryls imbedded in it. He has men at work in New Hampshire trying to find what he wants. To a friend in Brooklyn Dr. Emerson writes: "This will be very difficult to do and I may fail to get what I want; but I have good hopes. To have a beautiful natural formation, merely freed, not worked up, by man, seems to me the most fitting monument to my father and to harmonize best with the great pine tree for which he chose the lot where his body should be laid. We have not yet decided on the inscription. I mean to have it on a bronze plate, to be set into the quartz."

Some weeks since the Secretary of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference in the interests of the postoffice mission work which she is pushing with much energy, offered to the leading religious papers of this city through Lord & Thomas, their regular advertising agents, to be paid for at the regular rates, the following advertisement:

UNITARIAN sermons, tracts and other liberal literature may be obtained free by addressing Miss F. Le Baron, Secretary, 135 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

The notice received the following reception:

Inserted by
Advance, Congregational.
Lever, Temperance.
Universalist, Universalist.
Rel.-Phil. Jour., Spiritualist.
Occident, Hebrew.
Union Signal, Temperance.
Christian Worker, Friends.
Radical Review, Free Thought.
Manford's Magazine, Universalist.
New Church Independent, Swedenborgian.

Refused by
Interior, Presbyterian.
Living Church, Episcopal.
Northwestern, Methodist.
Standard, Baptist.
Watchman, Y. M. C. A.
Church and Home, Evangelical.
Christian Cynosure, Evangelical.
Evang. Record, Evangelical.
Free Methodist, Free Methodist.

Now the agreement between most of the above papers and their advertising agent is that the management have a right to reject any advertisement which they may deem prejudicial to their business interests or immoral in its tendency, and the above list suggests some questions which we leave our readers to answer. Did the nine papers that rejected recognize in the very small activity represented in the above advertisement the beginning of a movement that will eventually bring disastrous results to their business interests, or do they recognize in the Unitarian tracts offered, certain moral dangers and corrupting influences worse than the vile compounds of the patent medicine man which weekly grace or disgrace many of their columns, or shall we recognize in the decision of these editors a hopeful integrity too little appreciated? The ideas they represent are endangered by free inquiry, and the foundations of their orthodoxy are shaken by investigation. If your orthodoxy is to be maintained intact, brethren, you are quite right in protecting your readers from that which represents much of the best in current thought and current literature concerning religion. Let orthodoxy defend its citadel or else abandon it.

A correspondent touches a vital point in an editor's heart in the following paragraph:

"In distributing the *UNITIES* sent me for distribution, I tear off the Baking Powder and Railroad Advertisements which form the cover, on the same principle that Jesus hustled out the money brokers and traders from the Temple. I think it a mistake to make these the most conspicuous things in a religious paper. I apprehend they prevent favorable reception of the paper with some people. If it is necessary to have them, I would put them inside, so that the first look at the paper shall give an impression of its real character."

Most editors would be glad to follow the suggestion of Rev. Homer Wilbur, A. M., to the *Boston Courier* as recorded in the Biglow Papers, namely,—omit the advertisements in order to make room for their religious summary. But the publishers have something to say concerning the matter. They cannot be induced to continue to print a newspaper merely for the good it does. The missionary spirit will not pay the printer; and, alas! the advertiser as a rule is more willing to pay for printer's ink than is the subscriber. We have always pushed our scruples in this direction to the hazardous limit. We have annually declined hundreds of dollars of advertising material, for conscience' sake; material, too, which weekly meets our eyes in the pages of some of our more prosperous exchanges. Having thus shielded our readers from the humbugs of proprietary medicines and questionable schemes of speculation and impure industries to the best of our ability, we think they can protect themselves from the "baking powder and railroad advertisements" until they multiply our list of subscribers by three. Then we will be glad and able to offer them a sheet more to our taste in which no space is given to advertisements except the ones that advance those ideas for the propagation of which we were born into the world. The naive suggestion of our correspondent to put the advertisements on the inside shows how innocent he is of the wiles of the advertising man and how far he is removed from the trials of the editor.

Is it not at first glance remarkable how two persons of seemingly equal honesty of intention and judgment, will often present exactly opposite statements as to a subject that seems of itself to have but one phase? In Julian Hawthorne's new work we are given Nathaniel Hawthorne's estimate of Margaret Fuller's "womanliness." The great novelist found her "deficient" in this best of all attributes,—selfishness, and even consciousness of her own inordinate pretensions, characterizing her. How different this view from that of Miss Elizabeth Peabody. She cannot dwell too tenderly upon Margaret's true womanly nature; her great sacrifices on behalf of her family, especially after her father's death; her unwillingness to accept from the little that was left, what she had earned, because the others would not be as comfortable; and, especially, her sincerity. A Boston journal thinks that Hawthorne's estimate dethrones the great woman, causing her to take henceforth a very unenviable position. But in this, as in all instances of diverse opinions on the part of equally reliable persons, it is well to cast about and ascertain if one or the other have

not somewhere a firmly-rooted prejudice interfering in this case with the workings of a usually fair judgment? Hawthorne's ideal woman was she who makes beautiful the home sanctuary; could he conceive a true woman fulfilling any other destiny? Would he not, then, see Margaret Fuller in a distorted light? And would he not be misled as to her actions and motives? Miss Peabody, on the contrary, approached Margaret with no such preconceived idea of what her career ought to be; and, moreover, being a woman, she could, from their nearer relations, obtain surer glimpses of Margaret's true self than her best friends of the opposite sex. While such a woman as Miss Peabody thus testifies to Margaret's "womanliness," we do not think she needs vindication, or is brought down from her high place by Mr. Hawthorne's estimate.

A. M. G.

PROMETHEUS TO THE FURIES.

I refer to Shelley's stupendous poem of Prometheus Unbound in order to quote one grand verse, some words of the suffering Titan. The passage occurs in the first act of the poem. Jove has sent furies to torture the chained Prometheus, —

Jove's tempest-walking hounds
Whom he gluts on groans and blood,
When, charioted on sulphurous clouds,
He bursts Heaven's bounds.

"I scent life," they exclaim. "Let me but look into his eyes; the hope of torturing him smells like a heap of corpses to a bird of death after battle."

Mercury reproves and menaces them, threatening to drive them back to their "towers of iron" to "gnash their foodless teeth beneath the storms of fire." But they, entreating to remain, are obliged to crouch in silence while Mercury speaks to the "awful sufferer," entreating him to submit to the will of Jove, cease his defiance, and save himself from further torture. Prometheus refuses. "If," says Mercury, "thou mightest live among the gods the while, lapped in voluptuous joy?" "I would not," quoth Prometheus, "quit this bleak ravine, these unrepentant pains." "Alas," cries Mercury, "I wonder at, yet pity thee." "Pity the self-despising slaves of Heaven," answers the Titan, "not me within whose mind sits peace serene, as light in the sun, throned. How vain is talk; call up the fiends."

Then the furies are turned loose on Prometheus who looks upon them with horror, but not with fear, exclaiming:

"Whilst I behold such execrable shapes
Methinks I grow like what I contemplate;
And laugh and stare in loathsome sympathy."

The furies exult over the feast of torture, which they are to enjoy, and say:

"From our victim's destined agony,
The shade which is our form invests us round;
Else we are shapeless as our mother Night."

What a terrific thought, what awful imagination is this, of fiends deriving their only shape from the agonies which they inflict. Prometheus defies them,

says he laughs their power to scorn, and bids them pour forth the cup of pain. The furies answer that he does not know what tortures they can produce, and one cries tauntingly,

"Dost imagine we will but laugh into thy lidless eyes."

Then follows this immortal answer of Prometheus, the one which we write now to quote and dwell on. He says to the taunting and leering furies:

"I weigh not what ye do, but what ye suffer, being evil."

This is one of those vast principles to utter which is to speak something divine; one of those mighty thoughts which hold in solution all the world's pain and evil, and might cure it all absolutely if we could but apply to it the power and the greatness of the thought.

There are many such principles, happily for our mortal state; one, for instance, is the thought that superiority is a great responsibility and not a mere privilege. Another is the rule, "Fight against the wrong thou doest, not receivest." Another is the Golden Rule. So powerful is a grand moral principle that continually in our reading, in conversation, in experience, we meet some thought which rouses us, till we say, this alone would save the world and make it blessed, prosperous, happy and glorious, if only it were believed and lived by. Plainly, this immortal answer of Prometheus to the furies is such a principle; for, if our enemy belies us, tramples on us, tortures us, through ignorance, he is pitiful for his ignorance; and if through malice, he is more pitiable still for the worse suffering and degradation of being malicious. Therefore, either way, he is pitiable; and if we could apply this heavenly answer of the suffering Titan so as to be moved chiefly by pity and less by enmity, we should then be thinking more of others and less of ourselves, and by the mercy and justice of such an exercise of mind the world would be saved, and filled with a truly childlike happiness.

J. V. B.

Contributed and Selected.

THE MINISTER'S JOURNEY.

To J. W. C., DEC. 19, 1884.

Not to the lanes of England,
The cathedral-aisles of France,
Nor up the mountain-hollows
Where Alpine torrents glance;
Nor in the storied cities
And old highways of life,
Where shadowy generations
Have passed in song and strife;
Where Raphael hath painted,
Or Socrates was born,
Or prophets have been cradled
In the Nazareths of scorn;
But on a more wonderful journey
Than any the pilgrims know

Our traveller has been roving,
And the book in his heart can show.

He has voyaged with many a Captain
Who sailed the seas of thought,
Daring with them the tempest,
Hailing with them the port.

And many a dreamer's island
Has added to his lore
The Hope that made it Patmos,—
One Heavenly Vision more.

In lands men deemed unholy
He gleaned from every clod;
Some treasure-trove reported
Horizons new of God.

Till Heathenesse grew home-like,
While the traveller's tale was still
Of the Ceaseless Care whose presence
Out-worketh good from ill.

And unto sacred places,
The Palestines within,
By pathways of the Spirit,
Our traveller hath been.

He knows the founts of laughter;
How psalms in mothers rise;
How purpose dawns in manhood,
And love in maiden eyes.

Along the silent beaches
That men call Birth and Death,
Rimming our fields of summer,
Giving us ocean-breath,

He paces as a watcher
Watching the tidal sweep,
Till his greeting is full of music
Caught from the central deep.

In still lanes of confession,
In solemn aisles of prayer,
On Alps of high endeavor,—
We meet him everywhere!

The others see but Europe,
And go as feet may fare—
Our pilgrim, still outsailing,
Sees many an Outre-Mer!

W. C. G.

NEIGHBORS.

A certain wise writer says we should refrain from looking at men and things through our own personality.

We should be as the angels; we are as we are. How can we see save through our own eyes? And even with our own eyes opened to the fullest, how small the part we can see! Who has not looked at the star-filled heavens with a dumb sense of pain for the starry multitudes forever unseen? Is Chicago a whole Chicago to any one of us all? or is it some lit-

tle corner where stands our home, wherein are gathered the few who love us?

We see but in parts. The Scotchman's picture of the battle of Waterloo was one Scotchman standing among his dead. The boundary lines of our judgment stop at the circumference of ourselves. So it is we should come to our full circle, stretch out to the far and wide, open our hearts to all the great world, welcoming each new fact as a great treasure, each new person as a messenger of heaven's sending.

It is said that each one makes his world. But to me it seems far truer that every one else makes our life with us. As the oyster, in the wonderful mystery of his being, fashions the pearly walls of his shell, but waits for the light of the sun to give the varied tints of beauty, so do we but build the framework of our lives, and wait for other men to fill it with the lights and shadows. The tiniest grass-blade does still stretch out an invisible finger to sway the remotest star. And a child's hand that idly splashes the water here sends its pulse about the earth. So do all lives, however removed, still grapple with our own. We forget the lives about us, engrossing ourselves in ourselves. Then, perchance, comes sorrow to open the doors we have closed. Death cleaves a passageway for us into the unknown, and suddenly we learn the blessedness of human brotherhood. Then some who before have been but "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," become suddenly our friends and neighbors.

Our lives stand not alone for the beauty and worth of our own best living, but there enters in with the blessing of heaven the love and sympathy of all other lives.

The largest city seems very small if we have no friends—no one who really knows us as we are, with all our needs and joys and hopes and sorrows. It seems strange to feel that in all the crowd not one would miss you. It is the carelessness with which we go through life that makes us miss much of its beauty and blessedness that lie beside us in other lives. We cannot draw too close to one another. We can never know how all others need us.

Mr. Blake tells us that to make the music complete each voice must enter in, each giving something that no other can. So it is in life; each can only be complete in all. We cannot do without one another, and it is this that is the sweetest joy of living. With what tender gentleness and loving greetings should we meet one another! Alas! we do not ever really know one another; we are not divine enough that none should feel strangers to us. We wait to be duly presented to one another, as if we needed interpreters, and feared to take each other by the hand.

We can never know how a gentle greeting, a kind glance, a friendly word, even, may lighten the burden that tugs at our neighbor's heart; or, if there be no burden, how bright and sunny the day may grow for just these little humanities. When I look into the feeling with which I regard the world around me—I say feeling, not thought—it is nearly always the result of the behavior of a very few. In church I had learned to

look for each familiar face, until if one were not in its place I felt the day not complete. We grow attached even to spots that associate themselves with personal ties. The seat where I have sat until the backs of the little congregation are all perfectly familiar to me, has grown to be a part of myself. But oh! the pity of it all! for how can any one know any one? Oh! the years and the slow seasons of any great fruitage. Who of you all could love me? Alas! you do not know your neighbor's needs; do not, and cannot know his life, his greatness and littleness; his goodness and badness. We lack with one another that beautiful simplicity that alone could show us as we are and make friendship real.

True it is that each one of us is full of many cares and duties, and we feel that life is much too short for doing what we have set ourselves to do. We allow our homes, our business, our pleasure, our culture and self-improvement, our frenzied efforts to do a hundred good things in place of a few, we let these push out very much that God must mean to have in. We have no time for friendship, no time to garner the treasures of the wayside.

When my caller apologizes for taking my time I feel rebuked. How can time be so well served as in bringing one life into another? in making our hearts so sunny and open that none should need question of his welcome?

There must come to every soul a time of life when whatever it has gained, whatever truth or greatness it has joined unto itself, seems only of worth in so much as it can be and is shared with others.

To be like the boundless light, all-given; like God, all-giving; to welcome, to seek those who wait for us to fulfill their lives, to not fail in loving one another, would be the enriching of all life.

In that charming story, "At the Back of the North Wind," Diamond, in counting up his friends, includes the drunken cabman, and his father's horse, and swells the list to take in every one he knows: "Why, child, you're just counting everybody you know. That don't make 'em friends," says Diamond's father.

"Don't it?" says the child, "I thought it did."

Dear, wise little Diamond; a time comes to us older ones when we feel like being a friend to every one; when we lose the disposition to criticise; when we no longer con the faults of others, but rather wonder joyfully that they are so good; and thinking of the struggle and toil and much sorrow and many burdens, we come to feel that all are dear friends, and more and more we come to bless God for the men and women and little children that walk this life with us.

And not only do I hold as friends the dear human brothers. Certain dogs are as perfectly a part of the beautiful circle of my life as the quiet stars in the deep sky, or the child sleeping by my side. When a little brown sparrow came and built her nest on our porch, we were very happy. And the gay bunch of rudbeckia that started up in the alley has grown dear to us, and should a careless wheel crush its bright beauty, I should feel a friendly presence was gone.

Much I wonder at those who feel so strange a re-

pugnance at the thought of evolution of the different forms of life. To me it is inexpressibly sweet to feel the line that makes me one with all other things, whether the flitting bee, or the gay orchid, or purple pansy. All are neighbors.

G. C.

THE WAYS OF LOVE.

From out a wintry sky did sudden gleam

Of sunshine reach a violet where it grew,

That grateful sprang to meet the tender beam;

Unfolding all her leaves of delicate hue,

And shedding perfume in a fragrant stream;

But ere her beauty opened to the view,

Descending clouds dispelled such blissful dream;

Nor ever more than that caress she knew.

And thus doth love awake the slumbering heart

To quick response; it opens like a flower,

Whilst thousand aspirations yet unknown

Burst into life in one all tremulous hour.

They shall not die! but higher aims inspire,

And flow in noble deeds, though love hath flown.

SAMUEL BAXTER FOSTER.

CULTURE AND RELIGION.

In the current numbers of the *Contemporary Review*, is a series of papers on Goethe, by Professor Seeley. At present only two of these have appeared, but in the ominous italics at the close of the second we are promised more. Now remaining papers may supply the deficiency, but so far at least, there is given no hint or reference that this compeer of Shakespeare was at all agitated by religion, or embarrassed by visions of religious things. I think this is not an omission of Professor Seeley, but the omission or reserve in the character of the man.

And it is exactly here that the influence of Goethe will always fail. Ignore this aspect of life, and scarcely any literary companion is so thoroughly enjoyable. Even through the medium of the printed page, how transporting is it to hear the aged Goethe chat with Eckermann, on the latest effort of the stage, the good and bad influences of work in Schiller, the last little notice he has written for the *Art-Journal*! What a pervasive refinement and mellowed culture there breathes around! That map he has just turned over for his friend, that photograph he has returned to the portfolio—what touch, what grace, what elegance of manner has he shown! Can there ever be another such a study, another such presiding genius?

Sometimes I am disposed to make fun at the expense of these well-meaning people whose vocabulary has been narrowed down to the word "salvation," and whose conduct shows only a wild greed for the same. Goethe has apparently no use for the word and wants only to be let alone. "Salvation?" he would say inquiringly, "and from whom?" It is a hard thing for me to take sides with the high priest of the Philistines and Evangelizers, but it must be done. Salvation, let us rejoin, from that very exquisite chamber furnished with the choicest instrumentalities of the cultured

life. Salvation from the very elegance and fullness of that culture, for it is retained at the sacrifice of purer, better and more unselfish uses. He became content with describing life as it was, he is a proverbialist beyond all measure, he is wholesome and educative, he is matured and tolerant, but he is not religious. With the exception of those parts—and they are not small ones—where Browning is hardly anything tedious, the poet sobs and shouts and aspires. The verse is “music sent up to God,” and a passion lost in the sky. But have no fear with Goethe; we are sedately walking through the streets of Frankfort, or the roads of Rome. I do not say he is wholly indifferent to a sense of the Divine. He was an enthusiast after the manner of Spinoza, and to Spinoza his systemless philosophy most approximated. But it does not occur to him readily to take refuge in the upper airs. The very embarrassment and lack of culture of the advocate of “salvation,” leads him to such a rescue. The perfect man of the world, however, is never put to a strait; he is fully equal to any emergency, has an immediate command of every social usage. It is hard to believe, under such a condition, that any appeal to Heaven is made seriously, and not in accordance with the literary art. If there is indeed, the spirited response of Faust to Gretchen, when she puts her earnest and yet silly question, “*Glaubst du an Gott?*” and his reply, made well and wisely, that every answer to this is only a mockery to the asker: Is he not

“Der Allumfasser,

“Der Allerhalter,

“Fasst und erhält er nicht

“Dich, mich, sich selbst?”

But the general significance that this has for Faust is probably that which it had for Goethe also.

Margaret asked a question that was not to the point and therefore silly, wherefore let us beware of following her silliness. I do not ask: Goethe, did you believe in God? I know you were carried away by Spinoza's saintly words, and though Mr. Martineau is inclined to dispute the theism of this, I will be more generous. Rather, I ask, did the things of religion become to you a disturbing, yet uplifting presence, a constant occasion of unrest, a thirst and a hunger and a wild desire? It would appear not. His life offers little of that Divine dissatisfaction. It is too monotonously centripetal, too effectually disciplined, subdued, sophisticated. He offers the rarest qualities of companionship so long as we do not need the last great service of a friend, the strengthening of the Faith that in spite of us, and because of sorrow, is bowed and faltering. And yet what a spectacle and what a confounding of reasoning, when we see the irascible, intolerant, Jewish-prophetic Carlyle lifting up hands, almost of prayer, at least of adoration, to this calm browed Olympian.

JOHN TUNIS.

Not he that breaks the dams, but he
That thro' the channels of the State
Convoys the people's wish, is great;
His name is pure, his fame is free.

—Alfred Tennyson, in “*Shakspearean Show-Book*,”

SEARCHING FOR GOD.

Trust thou in God; 'tis sweet to rest
Beneath His brooding care,
To feel in darkness as in light
That He is everywhere.

A truth most sacred, but how few
Have found this safe abode,
So far removed and yet so near,
The everywhere of God.

Distant—Him wisdom may not find,
Thro' searching near and far,
Delving in earth for sign or trace,
Or climbing to a star.

Yet near, for nothing can divide
Between His thought and thine.
True searcher after God, behold!
Within thy soul the sign.

M. A. B.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES ON EMERSON.

“So far from Shakspeare's being the least known, he is the one person, in all modern history, known to us. We have his recorded convictions on those questions which knock for answer at every heart,—on life and death, on love, on wealth and poverty, on the prizes of life and the ways whereby we come at them; on the characters of men, and the influences, occult and open, which affect their fortunes; and on those mysterious and demoniacal powers which defy our science and which yet interweave their malice and their gift in our brightest hours. Shakspeare is the only biographer of Shakspeare; and even he can tell nothing, except to the Shakspeare in us, that is, to our most apprehensive and sympathetic hour.”

Of what great man in later times, even though we may be supposed to know him the more intimately from his having lived among us, can the same be so truthfully said, as of the writer of the above lines himself? Though Emerson is not the only biographer of Emerson, he is his own best biographer; and, surely, when what Emerson “tells of himself” is interpreted to the “Emerson in us” by such an “apprehensive and sympathetic” mediator as Oliver Wendell Holmes, the conditions for a satisfactory biography leave little to be desired. We await with interest the personal reminiscences of Miss Peabody and Dr. Frothingham; “yet with” Emerson “for biographer we have really the information which is material.”

Dr. Holmes, as intimated in his recent contribution to the *American Men of Letters* series,* rightly makes Emerson tell his own story. Copious extracts from the works in the order of their publication in the last Riverside edition are given with a running commentary, sympathetic and reverent, yet spiced throughout with characteristically piquant observations,—from his New England “Academic Races” in the genealogical Introduction “whose names have been on college catalogues for generation after generation,” to a short disquisition on “pie” and some trivial notes on Emerson's personal appearance, suggestive both of the

* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Autocrat and the Professor. Who but Dr. Holmes, in alluding to Emerson's hatred of invalidism and impatience of complaints about ill-health, would have observed that he never refers to his bodily presence and infirmities except incidentally in his private correspondence, and in that "semi-nudity of self-revelation which is the privilege of poetry"? He had previously ventured the comparison of poetry to prose as that of full-dress to street dress, adding "self-revelation of beauty embellished by ornaments is the privilege of full-dress; self-revelation in the florid costume of verse is the divine right of the past." (!) Or who else, except possibly Lowell, could have said of Emerson's quotations (he counts 3,393 named references to 868 different individuals):

"He borrowed from everybody and every book. Not in any stealthy or shamefaced way, but proudly, royally, as a king borrows from one of his attendants the coin that bears his own image and superscription."

Dr. Holmes makes judicious use of the correspondence with Carlyle and of other letters no less eminently autobiographic, now published for the first time, and adds many interesting reminiscences from life-long friends and former pupils of his master. In a letter to James Freeman Clarke, from Concord, Feb. 27, 1839, Emerson encloses a corrected copy of the well-known lines "Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home," deprecating their publication with a solicitude that reminds us of Wilhelm Meister. "I cannot see how thou shouldst bring thyself to such extremities," urges Werner, remonstrating with Wilhelm for burning his juvenile compositions. "Why must these labors, because they are not excellent, be annihilated?" "Because," answered Wilhelm, "either a poem must be excellent (*vortrefflich*) or it should not be allowed to exist." We may congratulate ourselves that neither Dr. Clarke nor Mr. Cabot, the editor of the last edition of the poems, read Emerson's lines with the poet's "critical spectacles."

"I wonder so much at your wishing to print them that I think you must read them once again with your critical spectacles before they go further. They were written sixteen years ago when I kept school in Boston, and lived in a corner of Roxbury—called Canterbury. They have a slight misanthropy, a shade deeper than belongs to me; and as it seems nowadays I am a philosopher and am grown to have opinions, I think they must have an apologetic date, though I well know that poetry that needs a date is no poetry, and so you will wisely suppress them. I heartily wish I had any verses which, with a clear mind, I could send you in lieu of these juvenilities. It is strange, seeing the delight we take in verses, that we can so seldom write them, and so are not ashamed to lay up old ones, say sixteen years, instead of improvising them as freely as the wind blows, whenever we and our brothers are attuned to music. I have heard of a citizen who made an annual joke. I believe I have, in April or May, an annual poetic *conatus* rather than an *affatus*, experimenting to the length of thirty lines or so, if I may judge from the dates of the rhythmical scraps I detect among my MSS. I look upon this incontinence as merely the redundancy of a susceptibility to poetry which makes all the bards my daily treasures, and I can well run the risk of being ridiculous once a year for the benefit of happy reading all the other days."

We could well have spared the reproduction, "*à la Froude*," of Prof. Thayer's reminiscences of Emerson's pie-eating and "semi-philosophical indulgence" in smoking, but all lovers of Emerson must be grateful

for the publication of the correspondence concerning the contribution for rebuilding Emerson's house, which was damaged by fire in 1872. What reader of Emerson can be so cold as not to be melted by the following tender "self-revelation"?

CONCORD, Aug. 16, 1872.

MY DEAR LE BARON:

I have wondered and melted over your letter and its accompaniments till it is high time that I should reply to it, if I can. My misfortunes, as I have lived along so far in this world, have been so few that I have never needed to ask direct aid of the host of good men and women who have cheered my life, though many a gift has come to me. And this late calamity, however rude and devastating, soon began to look more wonderful in its salvages than in its ruins, so that I can hardly feel any right to this munificent endowment with which you, and my other friends through you, have astonished me. But I cannot read your letter or think of its message without delight that my companions and friends bear me so noble a good will, nor without some new aspirations in the old heart toward a better deserving. Judge Hoar has up to this time withheld from me the names of my benefactors, but you may be sure that I shall not rest till I have learned them, every one, to repeat to myself at night and at morning.

Your affectionate friend and debtor,

R. W. EMERSON.

Dr. Le Baron Russel.

"I am a lover of men," he wrote to the same, Oct. 8, 1872, "but this recent wonderful experience of their tenderness surprises and occupies my thoughts day by day. Now that I have all, or almost all, the names of the men and women who have conspired in this kindness to me (some of whom I have never personally known), I please myself with the thought of meeting each and asking, Why have we not met before? Why have you not told me that we thought alike? Life is not so long, nor sympathy of thought so common, that we can spare the society of those with whom we best agree. Well, 'tis probably my own fault by sticking ever to my solitude. Perhaps it is not too late to learn of these friends a better lesson."

Isn't Christmas-tide a peculiarly happy season for us all to take the lesson of the last lines to heart?

We are of course interested to know that Dr. Holmes thinks that Emerson was not accomplished in the handling of agricultural implements, because his little son Waldo is reported to have cried out, "Take care, papa,—you will dig your leg;" and that Emerson's manual dexterity was not a source of pride to him, because Emerson himself told him that "he could split a shingle four ways with one nail;" but in connection with the above correspondence we should have been equally glad of some illustrations from the Doctor's ample store of Emerson's practice of the saying quoted from his essay on Plutarch: "He thought with Epicurus that it is more delightful to do than to receive a kindness." The Doctor reports from an unpublished manuscript a remark of Emerson's, "God has given me the seeing eye, but not the working hand." Now in March, 1837, when Mr. Alcott's school-work in Boston was attacked and he was threatened with a mob, Emerson said in a letter to his friend:

"I never regretted more than in this case my own helplessness in all practical contingencies. For a knowing and efficient friend can do a man with a mob a better service than he himself. But I was created a seeing eye, and not a useful hand."

Yet we know how helpful in practical affairs he was in getting Carlyle's works published in this country, and we know how, when the storm broke, he offered

an asylum (in Concord) to Mr. Alcott and his family, and how every month, after one of his benign visitations, a letter package of money for the month's rent was regularly found by them on the mantel. We could readily have exchanged some of the Doctor's contributions for more of

—"that best portion of the [a] good man's life—
His little nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

We shall be interested to see with what grace Emerson's Boston friends, who were so scandalized by a recent foreign criticism, receive the same strictures upon their idol from one of their own number. To be sure, the Doctor insists with due emphasis upon the inspiration of the lecturer's majestic presence, the fascination of his voice and manner, the music of his speech, and upon the fact that the essays when given to the public never lost the character they borrowed from the conditions under which they were delivered as lectures. But he quotes freely from Emerson against himself, and even indulges in ridicule at his expense, a length to which neither the "condescension" nor the "bad taste" of our English visitor carried him. Mr. Arnold's presence is conspicuous in the Doctor's last chapter. To his criticisms of Emerson as a writer, is added the testimony of Mr. Cabot that in the later years of his life, Mr. Emerson didn't even patch the fragments together himself, and the whole question is dismissed with the warning that "we must not find fault with his semi-detached sentences until we quarrel with Solomon and criticise the Sermon on the Mount." Dr. Holmes concedes that Emerson's place as a thinker is hard to fix. "All the exact sciences found him an unwilling learner. He says of himself that he cannot multiply seven by twelve with impunity." "Emerson would not have pretended that he was always consistent with himself." "He cannot properly be called a psychologist. He was a man of intuition, of insight; a seer, a poet with a tendency to mysticism;" yet he "never let go the string of his balloon. He never threw over all his ballast of common sense," though "his thoughts used to make Dr. Walter Channing's head ache," and "a few drops of alcohol bring about a confusion of mind not unlike the poetical metempsychosis," "the confused personal identity," which is found in a passage in "The Adirondacs." He agrees with Mr. Arnold that there is no "evolution" in Emerson's poems. "Incompleteness—want of beginning, middle, and end—is their too common fault. His pages are too much like artists' studios, all hung round with sketches and bits of scenery." Yet "if we allow that Emerson is not a born singer, that he is a careless versifier and rhymers, we must still recognize that there is a sincerity in his verse which belongs indissolubly to his thought." "We do not want his fragments to be made wholes—if we did, what hand could be found equal to the task. We do not want his rhythms and rhymes smoothed and made more melodious. His poetry is elemental; it has the rock beneath it in the eternal laws on which it rests." Dr. Holmes prefers to judge the poems by Emerson's own standard, rather than by

Mr. Arnold's incomplete quotation from Milton. "The great poets," Emerson says in the preface to *Parnassus*, "are judged by the frame of mind they induce; and to them, of all men, the severest criticism is due." "The greatest poet," says Saint Beuve, "is not he who has done the best; it is he who suggests the most." Judging by these standards, however, he comes to the same conclusion with Mr. Arnold, that Emerson's power was—"to inspire others, to make life purer, loftier, calmer, brighter." "It is a not uninteresting question," he grants Mr. Arnold, "whether Emerson has bequeathed to the language any essay or poem which will resist the flow of time like 'the adamant of Shakspeare,' and remain a classic like the essays of Addison or Gray's *Elegy*. It is a far more important question," he urges, "whether his thought entered into the spirit of his day and generation, so that it modified the higher intellectual, moral, and religious life of his time, and as a necessary consequence, those of succeeding ages. It seems to us, to-day," he concludes, "that Emerson's best literary work in prose and verse must live as long as the language lasts; but whether it live or fade from memory, the influence of his great and noble life and the spoken and written words which were its exponents, blends, indestructible, with the enduring elements of civilization."

"Emerson is a citizen of the universe who has taken up his residence for a few days and nights in this traveling caravansary between the two inns that hang out the signs of Venus and Mars." "His ideas of friendship and love seem almost too exalted for our earthly conditions, and suggest the thought, as do many other of his characteristics, that the spirit which animated his mortal frame had missed its way on the shining path to some brighter and better sphere of being."

There is a remarkable confirmation of this beautiful idea in the testimony which the East brings to Emerson's universality. In Mozoomdar's paper, recently published among those read at the Concord school last summer, occurs this striking passage: "I do not know why, but as often as I study his features in the imperfect photograph which I possess, the idea of *Nirvana*, as taught by the great *Sakya Muni* suffuses my soul. There is that hushed, ineffable, self-contained calmness over his countenance so familiar to us who have studied the expression of Gautama's image in every posture. In Japan, China, Burmah, Ceylon, Nepaul, Thibet, Buddha has the same mysterious calmness. The Egyptians prefigure it in the awful face of the Sphinx. It is *Nirvana* made flesh and visible. It is the 'peace past understanding' which lights up the face of every true child of God. Emerson had it in a wonderful measure. It did me good to hear of his broad, warm, many-sided humanity. Did he not welcome work, spirituality, aspiration, obscure excellence, from every quarter of the globe into his house? Did he not identify himself with every good movement, however unpopular, which had for its object the amelioration of his race?"

"Long, long had we heard of his name and reputa-

tion. We wondered what manner of man he was. When, at last, I landed on your continent, how glad I should have been to sit at his feet and unfold before him the tale of our woe and degradation! But he had gone to his rest, and instead of touching his warm hand, which had blessed so many pilgrims, I could but kiss the cold dust of his nameless grave at the Concord cemetery."

Dr. Holmes' account of Emerson's last days is tender and touching. Did ever death, save only one, seem so little like death?

G. H. B.

A SNOWDRIFT.

One dark and cloudy night
The snow lay deep and white
Along the way I'd go;
No footsteps could I see,
No path to beckon me
Safe passage through the snow.

At length across the white,
My searching eyes caught sight
Of a crooked, narrow track,
Where toil-worn footsteps black
Had marred its whiteness pure,
To make my footsteps sure.

And to myself I said,
As on my way I sped,—
Where earth-stained feet have trod,
We find the path to God,
And earthly toil but shows,
God's leading through life's snows.

SHORT DOCTRINAL SERMONS.

I.

WHAT DOES UNITARIANISM MEAN?

1. It does not mean the mere denial of dogmas held by the people of so-called evangelical churches. Indeed it now pays little attention to these things, except so far as they are of historical value. Thus we do not argue about the doctrine of the trinity, or of the deity of Jesus, or of the supreme authority of the Bible. For us these questions have lost their interest.

2. Unitarianism is a new standpoint in religion. That is, it views theology from the same standpoint from which it views other subjects. We think and believe in theology just as we think and believe in geology. We no more fear eternal punishment because we fail to believe certain theological dogmas than we fear it in case we fail to believe in certain geological conclusions. We think with the same calmness and earnestness in theology as in biology, believing that God will lead us to the truth.

3. Our men are beginning to divide the word Unitarianism so that it may be pronounced Unit-arianism. The reason for this is that we wish to convey the idea that Unitarianism means a union in spirit, while there may be great differences in opinion.

4. Unitarianism has always meant an intensification

of the moral and spiritual natures. Morality it has always insisted on, demanding that men manifest their love for God by loving their fellows. But we also believe in the deepening of the soul's life by repentance, by prayer, and by meditation on the great religious questions. Unitarianism means not less, but more religion; a religion which bestows on man the freedom and holiness of the sons of God.

5. We have no creed, that is, we do not insist that all shall see alike. But a general sentiment, holding to certain fundamental truths, animates our church. Let me give in a few words a simple creed which may help some to understand us. In so far as words can express things spiritual, Unitarians may be said to believe in God as the all in all, Father, Redeemer, Sanctifier; in eternal life as the great hope; in the law of duty as the first law; in the inspiration of all truth; in man's great possibilities, and in the divineness of sanctified humanity.

6. The great aim of our church has been to make the world better and happier than we found it, make the homes more pleasant, the people more contented, and earth itself more like heaven.

ALBERT WALKLEY.

MELISSUS AND ZENO.—HERACLITUS.

Of Melissus, the third of the Eleatics, we need hardly speak. He is slightly mentioned by Aristotle, and, instead of developing the Parmenidean idealism, allowed it, apparently, to relapse towards a monistic materialism, attributing to Being, as he did, infinite extension. He denies, however, that it is material, since, if it were, it could not be a unity. It thus appears that he holds to the substantial oneness of reality.

Zeno, the last and, in some respects, the most remarkable of the Eleatics, requires a more extended notice. Plato represents him as a fine-appearing man of forty when Socrates saw him in company with Parmenides who was about twenty-five years his senior. Zeno's birth may, therefore, be placed between 500 and 485 B. C. He was a favorite pupil, and, as some say, an adopted son of Parmenides. His brilliancy of intellect, his loftiness of aim, his clear moral fibre plainly even now mark him as one of the select spirits of antiquity. Though a close student, a devotee of speculative science, he held not aloof from public affairs, was, indeed, a most enthusiastic patriot and a bitter hater of tyranny. When tried for conspiring against Nearchus the tyrant of his native city Elea, he "bit off his tongue and spat it in the face of the tyrant" (Lewes).

His fame in philosophy rests upon his development of the negative aspect of the Parmenidean theory, and his subtle use, in so doing, of the dialectic method. His thesis is therefore "Not Being is not;" the world of multiplicity and change, that is to say, is as such an illusion. His argument rests, in general, upon the contradiction arising from the notion of infinite divisibility, a notion that follows from the making of manhood the first principle of nature. Of seven spec-

ial arguments that he employs, the most famous are the four directed against the reality of motion*. Of these we shall consider only the first and third. But before doing so, let us understand the general drift of Zeno's thought so that we need not suspect that we are being imposed upon by some subtle dialectician. Suppose mere multiplicity to be a first principle; then whatever seems to be one and self-identical utterly dissolves into infinite particles, or rather points of nothingness; for the principle of multiplicity or division, taken as absolute, cannot be satisfied so long as there remains anything further to be divided. But of such points of a nothingness, infinite in number though they be, nothing can be constituted; continuity and identity such as knowledge presupposes, cannot spring from such infinite discontinuity and multiplicity. Multiplicity, is, therefore, so Zeno concludes, merely phenomenal; "Not Being is Not." With this explanation, we may proceed to his first argument against motion, which runs as follows: "Motion cannot begin, because a body in motion cannot arrive at another place until it has passed through an unlimited number of intermediate places." Now by this argument Zeno does not mean to deny motion as a "fact" presented to us by the senses; but to deny its absolute reality. For, he conceives, if motion is absolute, then an absolute change is possible in Being, which is absurd, because, as Parmenides affirmed, Being is

"Whole and only-begotten, and moveless and ever-enduring," Translated into the language of modern theology or of modern science Zeno's argument would mean "God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," or "The laws of Nature are unalterable." His statement, however, if more abstract, is more comprehensive and more scientific than either of these statements. But now if the principle of change and multiplicity be absolute, i. e., if motion be real, then the rest of the argument follows, — "A body cannot arrive at another place until it has passed through an unlimited number of places," which is manifestly impossible. In other words, the *thought* of motion is self-contradictory; motion is therefore an illusion. But the unreality of motion follows from the nature of time as well as of space. "The flying arrow," runs Zeno's third argument, "is at rest; for it is at every moment only in one place." It is always in one place, Zeno argues, because time is perfectly continuous and cannot be reconciled with a supposed discontinuous space. If time were an infinite series of distinct rows, one difficulty in the argument would be removed. But it is not; and by the principle of identity we are more warranted in saying that the flying arrow does not move than that time is discontinuous. If we hold fast rigidly to Being, i. e., to identity and continuity, we must, Zeno assumes, give up difference and discontinuity.

As for the dialectic method, of which Zeno was the first marker, we have to observe that it is but the necessary mode of thought for him who clings to the One as wholly excluding the many. For such a one, the

problem of the many is solved by the demonstration of the absence from absolute multiplicity, of oneness or identity, hence of fixed and cognizable nature, hence, further, of Being. This demonstration is but the result of a strict application of the "principle of identity," or the assumption of the impossibility of the co-existence of opposite qualities or determinations in reality. The dialectic method as thus explained must of course be distinguished from the haphazard, unsystematic, and sophistical instancing of "reasons" or "facts" against certain preferred conclusions. Grant Zeno's first principle, and you can hardly avoid his conclusions, for they are scientifically arrived at, — are inherent in the nature of the method and matter in hand.

As to the real meaning of the paradoxes here involved, some have held that they prove the incompetency of the human mind to attain to the knowledge of reality. Scepticism of this sort is based on want of confidence on reason as well as in the senses. But the scepticism of Zeno, who believed in the possibility of real knowledge, was with regard not to reason at all, but to the "reports of the senses." The student of modern philosophy will remember in this connection the celebrated antinomies of Kant. Logically, Zeno and Kant are on the same footing, though the former exhibits superior confidence in thought, if not also superior power of thought. In Zeno the rupture between subject and "object" had not extended so far as to cause the understanding to distrust itself as well as sense.

But, finally, what shall be said of Zeno's theory, and, in fact, of the whole Eleatic doctrine? If we rest upon the principle of identity as the first principle of absolute knowledge, we can hardly escape the Eleatic conclusions. But this principle taken in its most obvious meaning leaves no room whatever for difference or movement in reality. Grant that the world of multiplicity is an illusion, what is to be done with it? How are we to explain change? Can we not think Being in such a way as to afford some place for Becoming on the realm of the real? It was to this problem, or to a problem very closely akin to, if not identical, with it, that Heraclitus of Ephesus, the deepest of the pre-Socratic thinkers, addressed himself.

Born of a noble family, about 500 years B. C., Herodotus was, in temperament, proud and exclusive, and withal melancholy and meditative. Unlike most of the philosophers who preceded him, he hated the vulgar, unthinking rabble (who heartily returned his hate), despised public office, and lived as a philosophical recluse. He studied carefully the theories of other philosophers, and was probably the most comprehensive as well as the most profound of the pre-Socratics. His work, "On Nature," by the crudity of its style, and also, we may infer, by the depth and paradoxical character of its thought, won for him the name of "The Obscure." Socrates is reported to have said that what he understood of Herodotus he thought admirable, and he believed the poet to be so; but that it required a Delian, i. e., a first-class diver,

*See Mullach's *Fragmenta Philosophorum Graecorum*, Vol. I, pp. 269 and 270.

to reach the bottom of it. But we need not be discouraged by this remark of Socrates, for the fundamental principle of Herodotus is not entirely beyond the reach of the ordinary "diver" of the present day.

Herodotus is sometimes placed among the early Ionic Natural Philosophers; and with some show of reason, for, like each of them, he was a hylozoist, or believer in the omnipresence of life in matter, and he took as a principle, though not as his real *first* principle, but as a secondary, and perhaps somewhat symbolic principle, a physical entity, namely, fire. His conception of universal life certainly determined the direction of his thinking; but he is principally occupied, not with its physical medium or aspect, but with its logical or metaphysical nature; and it is his view of this that places him in opposition to the Eleatics. Instead of saying "Only Being is," he affirms, or seems to affirm, "Only Not Being is." *Πάντα ῥεῖ*, "all things flow," is his most noted dictum. Becoming, not Being, is his first principle. But what is Becoming? Is it *mere* change, or Not-Being? Hardly: "All is and also is not," is another of his noted sayings. Becoming, that is to say, is the union of Being and Not-Being. The grass, for example, is taller and greener to-day than it was yesterday; it is, and yet is not, what it was. In the process of growth it is not, however, at this moment, existent, and in the next non-existent, now with, now without, a cognizable nature. It is, rather, continually changing, and yet identical.

Being and its Not-Being are mutually involved. Our human bodies—to take another and a more striking example—are involved in a process of growth and decay; we live and die continually—live because we die, and die because we live. Nay, Heraclitus goes so far as to say, what we call the actual death of the body is but the birth of a new life: "Both life and death are in our life and our death." "While we live our souls are buried in us, but when we die our souls are restored to life," a discovery, by the way, that the latter-day evolutionists are just beginning to make. But to render still clearer the closeness of this union of Being and Not-Being, let us take time. It is an obvious absurdity to try to conceive time to be at this moment and not at the next. Time is nothing if not succession, and succession, too, in which there is no conceivable break. In time, as in all reality, continuity and discontinuity, Being and Not-Being, are inseparable. It thus appears that Heraclitus differs from the Eleatics in holding that opposite qualities or determinations do coexist in reality. He expresses this view distinctly and in general terms, as follows: "Strife is the father of all things"; and again: "Unite the whole and the not-whole, the consentient and the dissentient, the consonant, and the dissonant, and there arises one from all and all from one. The union of the one and the many, which was enthusiastically affirmed by the Pythagorians and denied by the Eleatics, is thus brought about through the notion of life, activity, Becoming.

Now the omnipresent physical embodiment or me-

dium of this universal process or becoming is, according to Heraclitus, fire, which in its purest form is spirit. From fire there springs, by a kind of condensation, air, from air water, from water earth, air, water, earth being stages in the evolution of fire, or rather of the physical world out of fire. This form or direction of evolution is the "downward way." The return from earth through water and air to fire again is the "upward way." These two ways are inseparable. The varied involution and evolution of the elementary terms of physical being give rise to the world of sense, which may consequently be regarded as an ever-living fire periodically rekindled,—a conception that is not without its modern analogue. The conception of the four elements as involved in a continuous process means, according to the fundamental principle of Heraclitus, that those elements pass successively one into another, as ice, for example, passes into water and then into steam. Heraclitus's notion of physical creation is, therefore, not that of an infinite mechanical mixture. The process of the universe is a real, if we may say so, a solid process. Continuity and discontinuity are in it thoroughly united. It is, furthermore, periodic, circular: identity is preserved amid ceaseless changes by regular recurrence of like changes.

Equally in accordance with the notion of Becoming is Heraclitus's theory of knowledge and conduct. The senses are "bad witnesses and have barbarous souls;" not, however, as the Eleatics maintained, because they report change and multiplicity, but because they represent as fixed that which is involved in change. The true source of knowledge is reason. By reason man ceases to be a dreaming individual and becomes a waking universal. It is by participation in the *koinòs-tóyos*, the universal reason, that he knows and does that which has objective validity. And here we must not fail to notice that just as Becoming is the union of Being and Not-Being, so reason, in the present sense, is the union of the abstract universal of thought with the particular of sense, of subjective and objective. Knowledge is thus a process of the same sort as the universal process of Nature. In it the soul unites with its other, the external world, and in it knowledge of that world and of the universal reason is possible, and human life is both theoretical and practical, the theoretical and the practical being not two but one; in it human life is rational experience.

The advance made by the theory of Heraclitus upon that of the Eleatics is evident. Life here takes the place of inactivity, and reason of abstract understanding. If there is a certain loftiness and splendor in the Eleatic Being, there is infinite vigor and pregnancy in Heraclitus's Becoming. We shall not find immediately in the course of our reading an intellectual midwife—to borrow a Socratic metaphor—skillful enough to bring to the birth its complete meaning.

B. C. BURT.

"Sense can support herself handsomely in most countries for some eighteen pence a day; but Fantasy, planets, and solar systems will not suffer."

The Study Table.

All books noticed in this department, as well as new and standard books of every description, may be obtained by addressing The Colegrove Book Co., 135 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

ALGONQUIN LEGENDS.*

It is indeed a surprise to find that among the Indians of New England, surrounded by white people and entirely converted to Roman Catholicism, a mythology still exists, which is more complete and satisfactory than any of the other Indian mythologies with which we are acquainted—that it exists now as it has for centuries, entirely by oral tradition, and that it includes an incredible number of myths and tales. Mr. Leland's latest book is a collection of these legends, taken from the Micmacs of New Brunswick and the Penobscot tribes of Maine. These tribes belong to the Algonquins, one of the six great divisions of the North American Indians, and the one most widely extended. These legends, taken down directly from the lips of the Indians themselves, have a certain life that is wanting in those told in the language of cultivated listeners, and their effect is heightened by the curious pictures, which are from designs scraped by an Indian on birch bark. Mr. Leland claims for Glooskap, who is their chief divinity, that he is by far the grandest and most Aryan-like character ever evolved from a savage mind, resembling the Norse gods far more than any divinity of other American tribes. Wisely, however, he ventures seldom upon the field of the ethnologist, contenting himself rather with the collection and preservation of valuable material.

The curious similarity between the myths of all peoples is again made manifest. The principles of Good and Evil, struggling with each other, playing tricks upon each other and trying all plans of circumvention, seem much the same in all early mythologies. These Indians seem to have had an unusual sense of the ridiculous, however, and an appreciation of fun which we do not usually associate with the Indian character.

The following Penobscot legend is one of the best short ones, and gives the origin of a baby's crowing. After Glooskap had conquered all his enemies and subdued all ghosts, witches and devils, he wondered if his work were at an end, and said this to a certain woman, who replied "Not so fast, Master, for there yet remains One, whom no one has ever conquered and who will remain unconquered to the end of time." "And who is he?" inquired the Master. "It is the mighty Wasis," she replied, "and there he sits; and I warn you, that if you meddle with him, you will be in sore trouble." Now Wasis was the Baby. And he sat on the floor, sucking a piece of maple sugar. As the Lord of Men and Beasts had never married nor had a child, he knew naught of managing children. So he turned to Baby with a smile and bade him come

to him. Then Baby smiled again, but did not budge. And the Master spake sweetly and made his voice like that of the summer bird, but Wasis sat still and sucked his maple sugar. Then the Master frowned terribly and ordered Wasis to come crawling to him. Baby burst out crying and screaming but did not move for all that. Since he could do but one thing more, the Master had recourse to magic. He used his most awful spells, and sang the songs which raise the dead and scare the devils. And Wasis listened with admiration and never moved. So Glooskap despaired and Wasis, sitting on the floor in the sunshine, went *goo! goo!* and crowed. And to this day, when a babe goes *goo! goo!* and crows, it is because he remembers the time when he overcame the Master. For of all the beings that have ever been since the beginning, baby is alone the only invincible one.

This account is compared with the Cherokee story of Manabozha's effort to compete with a baby, which failed as completely. Mr. Leland claims that an Indian tale may always be assumed to be ancient, when it explains an *origin* as this of a baby's crowing. Nevertheless this sense of the charm of childhood over the most powerful is more modern than anything we remember in other mythologies. E. E. M.

Three stories by Henry James—The Impressions of a Cousin, Lady Barbarina and a New England Winter—which have appeared in the magazines, are now published in book form under the title of "Tales of Three Cities."* The first is in the form of a Diary by an American woman, gives her impressions of her cousin, whose companion she is while in America. It is the story of a pure minded young girl in love with her Trustee, who is no better than a pickpocket. He has squandered her fortune, and unable to settle his account, endeavors to marry her to his brother, and failing in this, allows his brother to devote his property to make good the defalcation. There also appears the usual meddlesome, shallow-minded woman of the world, who is invariably met with in Mr. James' books. The story ends very unsatisfactorily. In the story of Lady Barberina, a young doctor, rich and clever, is represented as marrying a daughter of an English lord. He brings her to America, but his hopes of a happy home are disappointed, as he finds his bride despises him, his family and his associates. The author succeeds in only showing the utter futility, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, of Americans attempting to find happiness in foreign marriage. In the "New England Winter," we again have the American whom Mr. James delights to depict, raised above his natural surroundings by the influence of foreign culture. Though the author aims at showing the superiority of manners acquired abroad, he unfortunately is too apt to present to our view a picture of acquired snobbishness and cockneyism. The hero of the story, we are sure, could not be tolerated in our best American society. Mr. James is unfortunate, and does not help his reputation as a writer, in always

*ALGONQUIN LEGENDS OF NEW ENGLAND. Chas. G. Leland. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston: 1884. \$2.00.

*Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. 12mo. \$1.50.

constructing his stories out of such materials—generally representing a condition of society which does little credit to a man of his culture and position—a condition of society which is as foreign to the true American lady and gentleman as to their English cousins. Credit is due to Osgood & Co. for the attractive form in which they have presented these stories to the public.

F.

An interesting part of the latest volume in the American Commonwealth series* is the brief history of Avalon, the first proprietary of the first Lord Baltimore in the New-found-land, so glowingly and so falsely described by Captain Richard Whitbourne, as a land "where fruits were produced in abundance without the aid of man, and where the cold of winter was a mere trifle," etc. The writer tells us of Lord Baltimore's arrival upon this inhospitable island, of his loss of fortune and of health, and transfers our interests with him and his new charter to the new proprietary granted to him in the sunny southland, where the climate and products promised for Avalon are truly verified. The struggle between Lord Baltimore and the Virginians, the Puritans, the faithless Claiborne, the suspicion and injustice which follow the Roman Catholic proprietors and settlers, are more familiar topics discussed. The earlier Calverts are given due credit for their manly adherence to their unpopular religious convictions and for their effort to render justice to all. Those who have regarded William Penn as a model of Quaker uprightness, will be shocked at the disclosures made. The charter, the half feudal government, the Indians, Maryland in the earlier stages of discontent, receive attention. Settled so much later than Virginia, Maryland has less of the novel and romantic than the former, and less of the marvelous than is found in the great region described in Oregon of this series. Besides these, we miss something of the fascination of style which we remember in the first books of the series. But the story of Maryland and her struggles in the early days is told in a simple, earnest way, which leaves a lasting impress.

E. C. J.

Perhaps the subtlest charm of the Bodley books is, that while in nearly every volume the Bodley family is abroad on its travels and draws one irresistibly into the circle of its companionship, it is also, wherever and however situated, always at home with itself, and makes every one else feel so; and when it is "at home" it is even then sufficiently abroad to maintain its world-wide interests. This year's volume† is the last of the series, and the style of its finish, as to material and cover, is no less beautiful than that of the preceding volumes. It introduces the family as "Viking Bodleys," who are taking a trip into Norway and Denmark. An occasional glimpse of the wonderful scenery among the mountains and fjords is made very real, and the legends relating to many of

these places give a characteristic touch of the people themselves and the history of their country. Bits of biography and reminiscence recall the lives of a few of Norway's favorite sons. The illustrations are plentiful and fine. The previous numbers of this series are sufficient guarantee for the value of this, to those who have read any or all of them. To those who have not, to speak of it, however highly, as a book of travels only, would be to leave the half untold. It will be read largely for its travels, no doubt, but it is also worth much to journey in good company.

E. T. L.

Of the inside of W. C. Gannett's life of his father,* there is no need of saying aught in these columns. It occupies already a place as one of the Unitarian classics. The first edition, which appeared in 1875, was recognized everywhere as not only a model biography, but also an admirable history of the rise and growth of the liberal religious movement in America. But it is now in order to thank the American Unitarian Association for this new edition, which they offer at less than half the price of the former. It contains all the first edition put into a smaller volume, removing the only obstacle toward its becoming a very popular book among those who are interested in the history of morals and religion. We hope that in this cheaper form, so admirably executed, it will start out again on a new career of usefulness. Chapters III and VII, which treat of the "Rise of Unitarianism in New England" and "Transcendentalism in New England," are well worth the dollar which the volume costs. We hope some day to see these two chapters published by themselves in tract form.

The *Bookbuyer* contains an account of the life and labors of Henry C. Bohn, the London publisher and bookseller, recently deceased, in which we learn that Quaritch, the collector of rare and curious books, and famous cataloguer and bibliographer, began life as a porter in Bohn's store. The pages of this little monthly contain interesting matter to the student.

In addition to the books already noticed, we have received since our last issue the following:

EZRA ABBOTT. A memorial volume. Published for the Alumni of the Harvard Divinity School, Cambridge. 1884. 8vo. (octavo), pp. 74.

LAMPS AND PATHS. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. 16mo., pp. 231. \$1.00.

THE GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF EMERSON. Lectures at the Concord School of Philosophy. Edited by F. B. Sanborn, Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. 1885. 12mo., pp. xxii, 447. \$2.00.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF HENRY JAMES. Edited by William James. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. 1885. 12mo., pp. 468. \$2.00.

THE WIDOW WYSE. A Novel. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1885. 16mo., pp. 260. \$1.00.

MEMORIES OF THE MANSE. By Anne Breadalbane. Troy, N. Y.: H. B. Nims & Co. 1885. 16mo., pp. 121. \$1.00.

* MARYLAND, THE HISTORY OF A PALATINATE. By William Hand Browne. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; 16mo. pp. 286. \$1.25.

† THE VIKING BODLEYS. By Horace E. Scudder. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1885. Price, \$1.50.

* EZRA STILES GANNETT, Unitarian minister in Boston, 1824-1871. A Memoir by his son, William C. Gannett. Second Edition. American Unitarian Association, Boston: 1884. Pp. 572. \$1.00.

The Unity Club.

The Library Club of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Miss Hattie Ketcham, Secretary, has an admirable programme of seventeen evenings, blending science and American history.

The Beloit [Wis.] Literary Society lands its programme at our table, Miss De Ette Howard, Secretary. Thirteen evenings are to be spent with Chaucer, Shakespeare, Browning, George Eliot and Hawthorne. What good times they will have.

The Good-Will Club meets "to do good and get good" in connection with the Unitarian Society at Worcester, Mass., of which the Rev. J. L. Marsh, of Western training, is pastor. It is maintaining a course of lectures in the parish. A good work for every club. Charles T. Kimball is Secretary.

The Unity Club of Ann Arbor, with Miss Cora V. Volland as Secretary, has an exquisitely printed little programme crowded with activities, literary and social. It is compounded of travels, science work, Great Religious Teachers, etc., etc. Each of the eighteen evenings must be very attractive, but we miss the coherency which to us seems necessary to the highest results. With club work, as with everything else, it is best to begin somewhere and go towards a given point.

The "Ten Great Novels" are still moving on. A contributor to the *Earnest Worker*, published at Cleveland, recently presented to the readers of that paper in admirable shape a two-column condensation of the lists and opinions published in our columns last summer, and we are frequently reminded through the post-office of continued interest in the list, and that in many ways it keeps taking on working forms. Here is a word from among the Rockies:

I am greatly obliged for the *Ten Great Novels'* interest. I read them all so long ago it is a pleasant reminiscence, and has already resulted in arranging to re-read Wilhelm Meister with a delightful friend. I should have put *Les Misérables* first and should not have defined its chief merit as "French life in the lower ranks," but the *power of conscience*, for the mental struggles of Jean Valjean were to me the most wonderful portions of the book. I think I should have included some of *Plato's Dialogues*, for I know nothing richer. I laughed aloud to myself this morning over Theactitus.*

The Unity Shakspeare Club of Minneapolis has invented a plan unique enough to deserve a patent. A number of plays have been determined upon, a general line of study selected that will fit upon any play, and then the work is thrown into the hands of neighborhood groups, or local circles as they are called, which meet at such time and place and under such leadership as will best accommodate the neighborhood. Four such local sections are at present at work within the diocese of Brother Simmons. Once a month all the sections meet under a central management when "the president shall then take up the points in their

order. Each point shall call for a report from each section, which shall answer through persons it has appointed. The answers shall be written and brief, to give time for discussion of each." This is a veritable "Waterbury watch movement" for Unity Clubs, one that will enable the cripples and the invalids to have a little club of their own at home, and still be in connection with the thinking side of the church or community. Send to the Secretary, Miss Louise Henry, Minneapolis, for circular.

Little Unity.

A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

The sun came up and plumped directly into a big cloud, and before long, out of the same big black cloud, which had hidden all the blue, the snow-flakes began to whirl down so large and thick and fast, that little Bee Davis, at the window, could not see the passers-by.

It was New Year's morning, too!

The cloud and the snow were not the worst of Bee's trials. Outside the door hung a willow card-basket tied with white ribbons, which said plainly enough to everybody, "No callers;" and up stairs, in mamma's room, was a tiny, pink-faced baby-sister which told the reason.

So Bee went into a cloud, too,—a very thick, black, scowling cloud, which threatened every moment a flood of tear-drops, and made Bee look very unlovely, indeed. It wasn't only the callers she missed; but the refreshments—the cake and coffee and ices. And then Mr. Peake, who always came early and stayed late, and kept as near to Aunt Esther as possible, never failed to have his pocket full of candy for her. Now—oh dear!

"I just wish God hadn't sent her," said Bee to nobody in particular. *She* didn't know, you see, that Aunt Esther herself was in the bay-window behind the curtains. "Anyway, she needn't have come till after New Year's; she wouldn't have bothered up there so much, with all the angels to keep care of her. And I didn't get that lovely big doll, Christmas, either!"

There was something besides the snow-flakes between Bee's eyes and the passing people now. Presently two hot, bright tears rolled down her cheeks. In that minute, too, the door-bell rang—so softly and timidly that Bee couldn't be sure it rang at all.

"Go to the door, Bee," said Aunt Esther from the bay-window; "I think there are some callers for you."

Bee was so surprised that she didn't stop to ask any questions. Besides she was almost certain that Aunt Esther had been laughing at her slyly, and she didn't like to be laughed at.

She went to the door. There on the step stood two snowy little people holding a big basket between them,—two snowy forlorn little people, clad in calico gowns which never in the world were made for them, and in rusty water-proof capes, as much too small as the dresses were too large.

Bee stared; and while she stood staring, the little one—the one with china-blue eyes, and red plump cheeks, and two curly wisps of yellow hair creeping out from under her water-proof hood—held out her long skirts, and made a funny little dancing bow, and piped,—

"Wish you a merry"—

She was going to say Christmas, but the one with black eyes and a big mouth stopped her.

"'Tisn't Christmas now, Polly; it's New Year's." Then she set the big basket down, and they both held out their skirts and made a dancing bow apiece and said,—

"We wish you a happy New Year."

"So do I," said Bee. She didn't know what else to say. Then she put her finger in her mouth. She didn't know what else to do.

"Haven't you got something to give me?" asked Polly, cheerily.

"What?" said Bee.

"She don't mean to beg," explained the other one, taking up the big basket again; "but folks mostly gives us something when we wishes 'em merry and happy. You needn't 'less you want to."

"Oh," said Bee, "I will. I'll ask Aunt Esther."

"Tell them to come in," said Aunt Esther, from within.

Bee led them in, big basket and all, though they hung back on the threshold of the pleasant, soft-carpeted room, and looked doubtfully at their worn, wet shoes.

"Never mind," said Aunt Esther.

"Come right in," said Bee; and she placed some chairs for them. She felt a great deal more courageous when Aunt Esther was by.

Then Aunt Esther played a lively tune on the piano for them to get acquainted by.

It didn't take them long; it doesn't children, you know. They looked at each other, and smiled a little; and then Bee went up close to Polly and pulled off her water-proof hood, and the other one's.

"Why, your hair is just the color of my Floribel's," said she to Polly. "I'll go and get her."

So when Aunt Esther left off playing she saw Polly holding dainty Doll Floribel, her blue eyes growing big and round with delight.

"She's got one to home," said Phebe, laughing. Phebe was the other one's name. "But 'tisn't like that; it's a walnut fixed on a stick, and clothes on."

"Her name's Jane—mine's name is," said Polly, looking at Floribel. Bee looked at Floribel, too; and then she looked at the eager little face above her, and the shining eyes; the rusty water-proof and the old calico dress,—the two rusty water-proofs and the two old calico dresses. And she thought of the walnut on a stick.

"I've got such a lot," said she, slowly, "I'll give you one, Polly, to pay for my Happy New Year! I'll give you"—and Bee's face grew very red, "O, Polly, I'll give you Floribel!"

"Now, you won't!" cried Polly, all in a tremble. "You can't! Oh, you can't now!"

"Yes," said Aunt Esther, "she can if she wants to;" and she looked for all the world as if she would like to pick Bee up and hug her. You see, she *had* thought this little girl was growing to be a very self-ish, careless Bee, indeed.

"But we didn't mean such things as that—such nice things," said Phebe. "Mostly we gets cold victuals, and such like. We only goes out Christmas and New Year's. We ain't beggars, Polly and me ain't."

"Oh, you won't," said Polly again, still looking at Floribel. "Not for my very own!"

"Yes, I will," declared Bee, "for yours and Phebe's; and I'll give you all her dresses. She's got—oh, she's got a lovely blue silk, trimmed with lace; and she's got a—a watch, Polly."

"Oh, now!" said Polly; and then she was hugging Floribel tight—oh, *tight!* and laughing softly, while—wasn't it very funny?—the tears were dropping out of her eyes.

And as sure as you're alive, Aunt Esther was wiping her eyes, too. In a minute she went out of the room, and came back before long just loaded down with a tray of goodies—of bread-and-butter and boned turkey and cakes and pie, and a dessert of nuts and apples.

How Polly and Phebe ate, after a little bashful hesitation. You never saw anything like it! though Polly couldn't eat so *very* fast for looking at Floribel. And how Bee ate with them, just to make them feel more at home! But Phebe and Polly left their share of the dessert untouched.

"Don't you like it?" asked Aunt Esther.

"Oh, yes'm," answered Phebe; "but—can't I—O ma'am, I'd like to carry mine home to Dicky."

"Me, too," chirruped Polly, with her mouth full of pie.

"Who's he?" asked Bee.

"He's our baby," said Phebe. "He's four years old, but he can't walk—he won't, never; 'cause when he was real little I dropped him,"—Phebe's voice sank,—*"I let him fall down stairs."*

"She didn't mean to," said Polly.

"No," said Phebe, "I didn't."

"Eat your nuts and apples," said aunt Esther, gently. "Dicky shall have as many more." She took the big basket out and did not bring it back; but when Floribel's trunk had been packed, and Phebe and Polly were going, they found their basket by the door with something in it more than the nuts and apples.

"I don't know what to say," whispered Phebe to Bee, with a happy sigh. "But I do hope you'll have a Happy New Year here always,—every year. Oh, I do!"

"So do I," said Bee, "and you, too, and Polly." She kissed Floribel and opened the door.

It had stopped snowing.

"Good-by," said Bee.

"Good-by," said Phebe and Polly, going down the steps; and just then the sun came out from under the clouds and smiled down upon them all.

But Bee had come out from under her cloud long ago.—*Ada Carleton in Youth's Companion.*

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Notes from the Field.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—Rev. F. W. Morton, late of the Cambridge Divinity School, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Free Congregational (Unitarian) Church at this place.

NORTH PLATTE, NEB.—Rev. Anna J. Norris, after some months absence, is back again at the missionary post in this place. We hope that her work will be blessed with the success she deserves. It is one brave woman trying to carry on the work established by another.

REV. GRINDALL REYNOLDS, of Boston, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, recently spent ten days in the West, visiting Chicago, Minneapolis, Minn., Iowa City, Iowa, Madison, Wis., and Ann Arbor, Mich., and spending a Sunday and preaching at each of the two last-named places.

OMAHA, NEB.—For a month past Rev. W. E. Copeland, of Omaha, Neb., not content with walking in the beaten path of Sunday services in the church only, has broken out into a new undertaking, and has been holding Sunday evening services in the large Opera House of his city, with results which are reported as most encouraging. The morning service is held in the church as usual, and all the other church activities go forward regularly. But when evening comes the home congregation and the great non-church-going portion of the city's population are invited to the Opera House to listen to an earnest discussion of one of the living religious, moral or social questions which are stirring modern thought. So far the audiences are said to have averaged from 600 to 700, and the movement is so managed as to nearly or quite pay for itself. It is confidently hoped that the result of the enterprise will be not only to sow broadcast in the community much good seed of rational and helpful religious truth, but also to gain accessions to the brave little church

which so much needs the help of all the religious liberals of the city.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—On the 19th ult. the Second Unitarian church was the scene of a "notable and noble occasion" in the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. John W. Chadwick. The exercises proper were preceded by a banquet in the basement of the church. At 8 P. M. the meeting was called to order, and letters were read from O. B. Frothingham, E. B. Willson, W. H. Furness, J. C. Learned, James De Normandie, Frederick Frothingham and Oliver Johnson.

The Rev. Dr. Longfellow was the first speaker. He said that during the twenty years past the congregation before him had had the benefit of the deep thought and study which Dr. Chadwick brought to his work. He was an omnivorous reader, always up with the leading minds of the day in the brightest and fullest lights of thought; therefore they should cherish their pastor, never to lose their love or respect for him so long as he was true to his own convictions.

Rev. Theodore C. Williams, of New York city, was the next speaker, and was followed by Rev. Joseph May, of Philadelphia, who concluded his remarks by reading a poem prepared for the occasion by Mr. Gannett. This poem, entitled "The Minister's Journey," will be found on another page of this paper.

Mr. George William Curtis, the next speaker, said: "There is no city on the earth where I am more at home than in Brooklyn; there is no friend in the world nearer and dearer to me than the man who for twenty years has been your pastor. In perfect spirit of love and friendship to this society, with the heartiest benediction, I bring again the most faithful remembrance. We who call ourselves Unitarians are bound by a common faith, but we have also strong society life. Unitarianism will always be rather made up of cozy, isolated chapels, rather than ironclad ritual in perfumed cathedrals."

Rev. Robert Collyer followed in a speech of which we should like to reproduce every word if space only allowed. "It was not possible," he said, "to stay away from this festival you have elected to hold at the close of these twenty years in my dear friend's ministry, and the opening, as I trust, of twenty more and then thirty more, if it shall please God." Mr. Collyer told how he refused a call from that church twenty years and more ago, and then of how he preached Mr. Chadwick's installation sermon. "I admire the sermon very much for this reason: that I did not write it. It wrote itself, and I preached it first in Chicago in an old linen duster. It was in the very heat of summer and the wells in my heart were all dry. The service was in the afternoon, and I was half distracted in the forenoon, wondering what I should say. Then the text came to me, and then the outline, and then it all bloomed out like Aaron's rod that budded out of a dry stick, and I rushed to the tiny meeting house we had rented from the Baptists and forgot to change my coat, or didn't care, sang my way through the blessed old sermon and then wished it down on the paper on Monday, and there it was a thing of beauty and a joy forever; but whenever I glance at it I have to say 'Where is boast-

ing then? It is excluded; by the law of works? Nay, but by the law of grace.' Is it any wonder your minister should have done so well, then, with such a grand send-off as that, which came as if an angel had dropped a flower from heaven to train me to the trick of looking up and to give the boy a smell of the blossoms that grow 'On life's fair tree fast by the throne of God.' I magnify mine office when I think of that evening all those years ago, and do not propose to take a back seat behind anybody except the boy who has grown now to be such a royal man."

Rev. S. H. Camp, of Brooklyn, said that although Mr. Chadwick might not know it, his work had been very carefully supervised; and that his achievements had exceeded the expectations of his many friends.

The exercises were concluded with an eloquent response from Mr. Chadwick, from which our limits permit the quotation of only a few sentences: "I have loved my books and studies well enough, but I have loved my people most and best of all. Alike their joys and sorrows have been mine. So it has ever been, so it will ever be. Have any of you ever doubted it? Then it must be because I never doubted it, and so was not at pains as otherwise I might have been to prove that it was so. If the result of what we have attempted here has not been anything considerable in the way of outward visible success, of one thing I am entirely sure, it is not because the order of ideas which has engrossed our sympathy and admiration is not calculated for the widest currency, the most illimitable sway. If only I could have made this order of ideas shine in the face of this community, as it has shone upon my private heart, this little building that we love so well would not have been large enough for a vestibule to the church that would have housed the thronging worshipers. Nothing is surer than that this order of ideas has in it the potentiality of a future which is already touching almost every church in Christendom with morning gleams of the approaching day."

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Announcements.

To Post-office Mission Workers.

We have on hand a large supply of back numbers of *UNITY*, many of them containing matter of the highest value for the use of those engaged in the distribution of liberal literature through the mails. To all such we will supply back numbers of the paper post-free at \$1.00 per hundred or \$5.00 per thousand. At this price, which is so low as merely to cover the cost of postage and packing, we cannot undertake to supply *particular numbers*. Persons ordering should state how many copies of one issue can be used, also which year or years they prefer. We will also furnish back numbers of *LITTLE UNITY*, which was published from this office from April, 1881 to February, 1883, at the same prices.

UNITY CHURCH DOOR PULPIT for January 8 will present a sermon by Rev. Edward H. Hall, of Cambridge, Mass. Subject: "The Two Temptations."

Extra copies will be supplied at \$2.50 per hundred. Post-paid orders should be sent in at once.

Business Notices.

THE Brainerd & Armstrong Co. are offering beautiful Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, at 40 cts. per oz; this very low price is on account of the silk being in short lengths, from one to three yards each, being the short ends or remnants of their regular goods which sell for about one dollar per oz. They have just taken from a large embroidery company some 50,000 appliqué figures made in silk, which they also offer by mail at the low price of 50 cts. per doz. See advertisement on first page of cover.

Book of the Dog.

The Dog Buyers' Guide, published by the Associated Fanciers, 237 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, contains a finely executed colored frontispiece; well drawn engravings of nearly every breed of dog, and all kinds of dog furnishing goods. All readers of this paper who are interested in dogs should send for the book. Price, 15 cents.

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The Exchange Table.

Two Little Graves.

Helen H. Rich.

Side by side two tiny hillocks, just as little lambs may meet,
That have wandered from the fallow to the daisied meadows sweet,
Sleeping in the blessed sunshine, hearing not the mother's bleat.

One was borne to peaceful slumber when the sunset's crimson dyes
On her catafalque of lilies fell in royal draperies,
And a train of stately mourners looked farewell with tearless eyes.

And I seemed to hear the mother, who had crossed the silent sea
To await that angel voyager in her snow-white argosy,
Cry, Hosanna! to the Saviour, once a babe in Galilee.

But the other, in the dawning of a bitter April day,
When the frozen tears of heaven on the pale arbutus lay,
Was borne out in pauper's coffin by the sexton, stern and gray.

Never glow of bud or leaflet on that little sinless breast,
Never toll of bell, or chanting blessed words of holy rest,—
Only sobs of mortal anguish of a sinner unconfessed.

Not a meeting, but a parting; mother still, though never wed;
And a haunting face beside her, looking down upon their dead,—
A beguiling face, and craven! "Thou dost judge him, God!" she said.

"If I dare not look the way she went for keen remorse, O Lord!
What of him who lured me onward by distortion of thy word?
Yet for him the world has honors, and for me the flaming sword!"

But He hears who heeds the sparrows, who hath justice for us all;
Both the lambs within His bosom, is He deaf to spirit call?
Nay; His arm of sweet compassion—it will break the woman's fall.

Sojourner Truth.

The Woman's Journal.

An incident is told of her by Mrs. Frances D. Gage. It was at a woman's rights meeting in Akron, Ohio, in 1851, where this strange-looking woman was present. Some of the managers of the meeting thought their cause sufficiently unpopular without any addition of discredit that might come if Sojourner shared in the meeting as one of them. She sat crouched against the wall on the corner of the pulpit stairs, her sun-bonnet shading her

eyes, her elbows on her knees, her chin resting upon her broad, hard palms.

Mrs. Gage said, "She moved slowly to the front, laid her old bonnet at her feet and turned her great speaking eyes to me. Hisses came from the audience. But she looked the disapproval down. Nearly six feet high, her head was thrown back, and her eyes 'pierced the upper air like one in a dream.' At her first word there was a profound hush. She spoke in deep tones, though not loud, which reached every ear in the house, and this is part of what she said:"

"Dat man ober dar say dat woinin need to be helped into carriages, and lifted ober ditches, and to hab de bes' place eberywhar. Nobody eber helps me into carriages, or ober mud-puddles, or gibbs me any bes' place!" And, raising herself to her full height and her voice to a pitch like rolling thunder, she asked, "And a'n't I a woman? Look at my arm!" (and she bared her right arm to the shoulder, showing her tremendous muscular power.) "I have plowed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me. And a'n't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it, and bear the lash as well. And a'n't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children, and seen 'em mos' all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me. And a'n't I a woman?"

"Den dey talks 'bout dis ting in de head—what dis dey call it? ('Intellect,' whispered some one near.) 'Dat's it, honey. What's dat got to do wid woinin's rights or nigger's rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint, and yourn holds a quart, wouldn't ye be mean not to let me have my little half measure full? Den dat little man in black dar,—he says women can't have as much rights as men, because Christ wa'n't a woman! Whar did your Christ come from?' Rolling thunder could not have stilled that crowd as did those deep, wonderful tones, as she stood there with outstretched arms and eyes of fire. Raising her voice still louder, she repeated: "Whar did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothin' to do wid him!"

Sad Enough!

The Living Church, (Episcopal.)

"God has no conditions for salvation; it is simply 'whosoever will.'" We clip this from a Y. M. C. A. paper. It is not in the least strange to find it emanating from that source; but it is sad enough to see such a crude, unscriptural and mischievous notion placed before the public. * * * Under neither the dispensation of justice nor that of mercy, does God confer such gifts or blessings, without conditions. It is a part of the necessary law of all finite existence. That is conditioned, and neither is, has anything, or does anything, except under conditions.

Don't Waste your Sympathy.

Eugene V. Smalley in January Century.

There is a mistaken notion among philanthropic people in the East that the Indian is a much abused person, who is enti-

tled to the lively sympathy of mankind. Unquestionably there have been plenty of instances of broken treaties and individual and tribal wrongs; but, looking at the matter, not from the historical but from the actual point of view, it must be admitted that the aborigine on a reservation has more rights and privileges than a white man enjoys.

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Jocoseria.

"Suppose that we part (work done comes play)
With"—

An essayist at the Unity Club, Cincinnati, in a recent paper on the "Baths and Gymnasia of Rome," said "The old Romans bathed a great many times a day, sometimes as many as eight, while their descendants make up for it by not bathing at all."

Mr. Spurgeon relates that a little boy at his Saturday evening devotions added to the usual prayer this petition: "And, O Lord, grant that to-morrow our minister may say something that I can understand." No doubt that prayer was answered, and, probably through somebody's telling the minister about it. And afterward everybody said: "What an excellent sermon we had to-day."

Judas: What a shame that so much money should be wasted in decorating churches, when so many people are out of employment and the poor are suffering for bread within earshot of the Christmas hymns!

Simon: Look at it another way. Decorating churches is an industry; 't would be a pity that hard times should stop it. The money spent passes from the rich to the poor, and in a way that helps both. To give alms generally helps only the giver. Money spending among rich people is almost as great a virtue as economy among poor people. Do not think of the wasting evergreen in the church, but of the little girl or boy up in Wisconsin or Minnesota who is having a merry Christmas upon his earnings in gathering it.

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In a cellar low and damp,
By a flaming coal-oil lamp,
Sat a poet of the time,
Writing rhyme.

He was thin as any rail,
Lack of food had made him pale,
And, tho' destitute a coat,
Thus he wrote:

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"
Heavenly angels sang it then,
Angels sing it now again,
'Peace on earth, good will to men.'

Christ was born on Christmas day,
So the sacred stories say;
Hearts must all be light and gay,
Christ was born on Christmas day.

Christ was born to bring us peace,
Chains of bondage to release,
Love and justice to increase,
Christ was born to bring us peace.

All rejoice at Christmas-tide,
Throw all selfishness aside,
Love and charity abide,
All rejoice at Christmas-tide.

'Peace on earth, good will to men,'
Truth has come to earth again,

Men and angels sing as then,
'Peace on earth, good will to men.'

In a cellar low and damp,
By a flaming coal-oil lamp,
Sat a poet, writing rhyme
For the time.

E. G. B.

57C

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